

"CAMOUFLAGED"

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

Marchand should be punished; but, after all, was he the judge to determine such punishment as he knew would be hers? Might she not be the victim of a social system, even as old Lum Simons had been her victim? He looked across at her desperate eyes, at her outstretched hands.

"If I forget Atlanta," he said, "will you tell me what Snyder and Wu Tsang are doing tonight?"

She studied him, furtively at first, then straight in the eyes. "You tell the truth, don't you?" she said. "Well, that's more than Snyder and Fuller do, so here goes for the truth with you." She puffed on her cigarette. "I don't know where Snyder and Fuller are. They took the car and went off, across the river, I think. They told me that they would telephone me before midnight. That's all I know about them—but you can stay with me till they call."

"Where's Wu?"

"That's another story." She knocked off the ash. "Wu has taken a submarine down the Potomac, and is waiting for tonight to run up Occoquan creek."

"Why?"

"Do you remember the Chinaman who were arrested? Well, they are out at the Occoquan workhouse. One of them, Wu Tsang, has the Triangle. Wu is afraid that he'll try to slip out if he stays there any longer, so he's going to kidnap him tonight."

"In the submarine?"

"Possibly. But, if that won't work, then the machine is to be on the Richmond road."

"At what time?"

"Wu plans to land at 9 o'clock near the workhouse brick yards."

"And that's all?"

"That's all I know now."

"You won't double-cross, Zita?"

"How can I?"

"Nor hurt Madeline?"

"Nor hurt Madeline."

"Then, adios."

"Adios."

The look in her eyes haunted him as he went out into the mauve beauty of the Washington twilight, but he felt somewhat reassured by his discovery. Since Mrs. Thayer was Zita Marchand—and in his power—the game became less mysterious, more akin to those he had seen played in his old Western days. He would go to the hotel, call Henderson and Kimball—Ir Kimball might be found—and set out to Occoquan. They would take Wu, turn him over to the police for attempted jail delivery, then, with the Chinaman eliminated, deal with Snyder and Fuller according to the information Mrs. Thayer would bring him. They were on the road to the end.

As he turned into Pennsylvania avenue from Fifteenth street he saw Earl Godwin, of The Times staff, standing in front of the Willard, talking to a man whom for the moment he knew to be Fuller. For an instant he thought to join the writer and his companion, then decided against it. If Godwin knew Fuller would no warning would be used. If he didn't, what was the use? Afterward he was to regret the decision. As it was he proceeded to the Raleigh, almost happy in the thought that at last he was on the road to circumventing the enemies of Madeline Connor.

Madeline herself came to meet him in the lobby. "Barry will take me to Pohick Church," she told him. "They won't watch him the way they watch you, and you will meet us there." She gave him an upward look that set his pulses beating faster.

"Are you dining alone?" he asked her, looking at his watch. It was just 6:30. In an hour he must start to Occoquan. Remembrance of some verse he had learned in his college days, Browning he thought it was, something they called "The Last Ride Together," rushed to him as she accepted his invitation.

"Who knows but the world may end tonight?" he quoted as they went to the dining room.

"I hope it won't," she said with downright matter-of-fact directness. He smiled in the thought that Madeline, like himself, had come from Colorado.

He had not intended to tell her that he was going to intercept Wu Tsang, but under the influence of the music, the shaded lights, the sense of her nearness, he broke down his own resolve. "Oh, you mustn't go alone," she said.

"Why not?"

"He'll kill you."

"Perhaps I'll kill him."

"You don't fight the devil except with fire," she said. "And you need plenty of fire for the nine devils in Wu. If you don't call the police to help you, I shall."

He laughed at her concern, but the result of it annoyed him as he went out of the lobby at 7:30 and found three men standing beside a touring car at the curbstone. For he knew that Major Pullman and Inspector Grant and Detective Kelly were waiting for him, and he knew that Madeline had managed to get the message to them. How she had done it, he did not know, but he knew, as they mentioned him to the car, that he might as well acquiesce.

"Hear that you're a line on Wu?" the major said, as they swung to-

How You Can Win \$250

The entire story of "CAMOUFLAGED" will consist of thirty chapters. The First Chapter and Prologue were written by George Harris Donohue—the following twenty-eight chapters are being written, one chapter each day, by twenty-eight Washingtonians, ALL OF WHOM YOU KNOW, and the Thirtieth Chapter will be an open competition among all the readers of THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

The twenty-ninth chapter of "Camouflaged" will appear in The Washington Times Tuesday, March 4th. The thirtieth chapter including the name and picture of the winner of this literary contest will be presented in The Washington Times on Sunday, March 9th. This means that the writers of the last chapter who will compete for the prize of \$250.00 will have from noon Tuesday, March 4th, until 9:00 o'clock Friday morning, March 7th, in which to write the final chapter—and bring it to the office of The Washington Times. The writer of the 29th chapter will leave the eight original characters intact so that in the presentation of the most logical conclusion, the writers will have the same opportunity to display their literary skill as any of the writers who have made the serial of "Camouflaged" possible. A jury selected from the writers of the twenty-nine preceding chapters will examine the manuscripts and award the prize to the writer of the best final chapter. The rules are simple—write plainly on one side of the paper—typewrite if possible and if written with pen just see to it that the writing is plain and readable.

The writer who can successfully solve this mystery and write the best final chapter of "CAMOUFLAGED" will receive a cash prize of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, in addition to the honor of having won this remarkable literary contest.

ward the bridge over the Potomac. The brickyard at Occoquan at 2, said Knowles. No one said another word as the car rolled over the Virginia road.

It was one of those nights when the fog hangs like a gray blanket over the Virginia shore, lifted only here and there by a vagrant wind from the river. Mile after mile the thud of their car seemed the only sound. They were almost upon the workhouse lights of Occoquan before Knowles realized how far they had come. "Ten minutes to 9," Kelly said. They skirted the workhouse, taking the turn toward the brickyards. A little way from the higher chimney on the bank of Occoquan creek they left the car. "Keep her waiting," Major Pullman ordered. Then stealthily, like Indians slipping in to a sleeping village, they crept down to the shore.

Down on the bank the water lapped against the shore. The four men, crouched low against the ground near the path that Wu Tsang must take if he beached the submarine near enough to let him climb the steep, winding road leading to the workhouse dormitories, held rigid silence. It seemed to Knowles that he must have been there an hour, but when he looked at his radium-faced watch he saw that it was exactly 9 as a gurgling sound in the water offshore and something came to the surface. By its sound rather than its shape Knowles knew it for the submarine of which Mrs. Thayer had told him.

There came to him suddenly the thought that he had failed to tell the officers of the car which was to wait for Wu on the Richmond road if he escaped to the submarine were cut off from him after he had rescued the Chinese whom he believed held the key to the chart. It was too late now he realized as he saw a man spring from the top of the strange boat and start up the bank. Before he knew it could happen there was a rush at either side of him. Pullman and Grant and Kelly jumped forward, about to pounce upon the Chinaman. Knowles reached for his revolver, anticipating trouble.

None came.

As if the earth had swallowed him, Wu Tsang disappeared. One moment he had been there, creeping up the bank of the creek. The next he was gone, utterly, completely vanished.

The four men tried to stare at each other through the darkness. With one impulse they flashed their search lights. No figure fell within the radiance. Wu was gone.

Only the beached submarine on the bank proved to them that he had ever come.

Major Pullman was the first to recover from his surprise. "Sound the alarm," he ordered. Inspector Grant and Kelly rushed up the bank past the chimney of the brick yard. In a moment the upper bank was bright with moving lights. "Anyhow, Wu won't get what he came for," Kelly consoled as Knowles passed him.

To Knowles, however, the knowledge that Wu had escaped was wormwood, however satisfied the officers might be at having prevented a jail delivery. He had counted on the Chinaman's elimination from the contest. Now he realized that he had to keep on fighting him as well as Snyder and Fuller. The thought that Wu was at large down in the Virginia woods while Madeline and Henderson and possibly Kimball were on their way to Pohick Church spurred him to quicker thinking. He must get to Pohick as fast as motor could take him!

He had no time to explain to the major of his need. "Give me this car," he yelled to the police chauff-

teur. "You can get another for them."

"Just as you say," the man told him, believing it an order, and Knowles, jumping to the wheel, sent spinning down the pike toward Pohick.

Pohick Church, red and white, gated and spired even as it was in the days when Washington used to drive there in his coach from Mt. Vernon, when George Mason would come to service from Gunston Hall, loomed spectrally out of the fog. Knowles, running the car up to the gates, realized that he was the first at the rendezvous that Barry Henderson had chosen. Leave it to a sailor to go ghost-hunting, he thought as he opened the gate and climbed back to run in the machine. A little by the time and the place he sat at the wheel until another car, a smaller one, drew up within the enclosure, and Madeline and Henderson alighted. "Is Kim with you?" the navy man asked. "Then let's go inside to wait for him."

"It's easier to get away if we stay out," Knowles objected.

"Well, need some light if he comes," Madeline said, "and we'd better go in to have that." He whistled, and he went with them, too, accustomed to strange happenings to notice that Barry unlocked the door with a key. Inside he found the place curiously ghastly, its white walls standing out in relief. What tragedies had it seen, this old Pohick meeting house, what romance, what adventures? Madeline's voice brought him back to the present as Kim came, she said, "we will know if we can piece the chart."

The moment of the culmination of the task brought to Knowles no thrill. Instead, the fear that Kimball might not come rose high in him. Moments passed. He was growing clammy cold with apprehension when he thought he heard a footstep. Then suddenly a shot rang out and a bullet pierced the window back of where the three of them stood.

Recklessly he jumped to the door, flinging it open. He saw no one, but the feeling persisted that someone was very close. "Get out in the car," he ordered Madeline. Henderson lifted her from the doorway to the machine as Knowles took the wheel and drove the car out to the road and toward Washington.

Somewhere on the way to Alexandria he knew that they were being pursued.

Slowly, but relentlessly, he could hear another car gaining upon his. Who was it? Wu, Fuller, and Snyder? Or might it be Kim? Or the police? He threw on full power, daring the violation of the speed laws, but always the pursuing car gained upon him. They were coming into Alexandria, he knew, and he knew that it stood on a side road, facing the oncoming car.

He threw off the lights just before the pursuing car came over the top of the hill. As the car went past them he saw two men huddled down in the front seat and knew them for Snyder and Fuller. So that had been their game! They had fired the shot into the church to bring them from cover, and they had succeeded. They must have known that Kim was coming to meet them and had taken the way to prevent the meeting. What fools the three of them had been to walk into the trap.

Knowles set his hand to the wheel to send the car up the by-road which he waited its passing. As it went by he cursed his carelessness on the way to Occoquan. For he knew it for Wu Tsang's machine, and knew that it had met the Chinese on the Richmond road, as Mrs. Thayer had said it would. With keen hindsight he knew how Wu had disappeared. He had simply slipped back into Occoquan creek, swam up to the Richmond road bridge, come out and met the car.

Had the Chinaman seen Snyder and Fuller, he asked himself. He thought that he must have recognized their car and guessed at their pursuit. Would he overtake them? And could the three of them outwit Snyder and Fuller and Wu?

A sharp voice, lifting from the fog, sounded at his side. "Beckon I'll just search you," it announced, and a tall figure climbed to the step of the car. "For what?" Henderson snapped. "What do you suppose? Whiskey, of course."

"Got some?"

"Of course not, you blithering 'rum hound chaser'."

"Don't get fresh, young man. I'm a Virginia officer, empowered to—"

"Well, go ahead, and go fast."

He went, but not with rapidity. When he had ended his search he spoke to Knowles: "Where you reckon to be going?"

"Washington."

"You ain't aimed right. Turn about and get on that highway."

He had to obey despite his intention of eluding his pursuers by slipping down the byroad. At the first crossing he saw the misfortune of the officer's order: for on the crossing stood the car bearing Snyder and Fuller. Knowles threw on all speed, only to see them rush out after him. The next crossing showed him Wu's car. He heard that join the pursuers. Well, it was out and run now. Madeline flung the machine forward on the highway, whirling through sleeping Alexandria, past the flats of St. Asaph, past the rail car yards at Arlington, and over the bridge.

At the bridge Snyder's car was almost upon them, but the spurt of speed that Knowles gained as he rushed into Potomac Park gave him slight leeway. He could hear Madeline's frightened gasp as she saw the Chinaman's car follow them with their headlights shining. Under the blue light of the Bureau of engraving the chase grew closer. As they neared the base of the Monument the other cars were almost upon them, and the faintly gleaming sound of an explosion. "Run for it," he heard Henderson shout. "Get in the Monument!"

In front of the door of the great shaft Knowles stopped the engine. Henderson, swung out Madeline and Knowles leaped after them. He turned to shut the door, but Henderson was on him, and a gust of air blew it back upon him. A man leaped at him from the outside. "Climb," Henderson was shouting. "Climb!"

Up the spiral stairway Henderson and Madeline were going in the dark. Knowles groped his way after them. Some one was clutching at him, and he fought his assailant off. Then some one passed him, and he heard Henderson's gasp. A pocket light flashed in the cavernous blackness. In the instant of illumination he saw Snyder about him, and Fuller below him on the stairs. Back of Fuller gleamed the yellow face of Wu Tsang.

Up and up and up they fought. Madeline at the top of the shaft, the knife that Snyder was wielding. Barry Henderson was holding himself between her and the other man. Knowles was fighting Fuller. But, even if he wrested him, there was Wu Tsang. On which side was the Chinaman? And how would it end?

Higher and higher up the dizzying way the three fought. He heard Henderson moan. "Hold on," he called to him. He had the feeling that if only they could reach the platform they would be safe. If only he felt Madeline's hand. "Stand here a moment," he whispered to her. They had come to the platform. He was close to one of the high windows. He could look out to the city below. He pulled himself up, in-h by inch, till he could view the sleeping city, its lights glimmering sleepily. He scanned the sky. No terrible, no airplane was in sight. No sound broke the quiet until, suddenly, a shot rang out somewhere on the grounds below. He strove to see from whence it came. Only a flash flickered down the sky and fell somewhere in the Virginia woods. Escape, he knew, was impossible. Death was creeping up the stairs.

Henderson, on his other side, held out a hand to him. The three of them stood together, waiting the inevitable. He could hear Madeline's quick breath as she moved forward. Steps below, and he knew that Snyder was trying to overtake them. A step below him came Fuller. Wu Tsang was but two steps beyond him. He was about to take a step when suddenly a light flashed in the cavern of the Monument. "In its glow Major Pullman, Inspector Grant and Kelly stood revealed."

"Come down," Kelly shouted, "or we'll—"

The three of them, Snyder and Fuller and Wu Tsang, looked downward. When they looked up Madeline Lucille Connor, Barry Henderson and Archie Knowles had disappeared, vanished into thin air from the top of the Washington Monument. There was sound reaching upon their night air. The far-away stars held their secret.

To be continued tomorrow in a chapter written by William Wolf Smith, editor of the soldiers' weekly, "Come Back."

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF "CAMOUFLAGED"

By GEORGE H. DONOHUE.

And today, in Chapter XXIII, we discover that the superintendent of the Occoquan workhouse, Mr. Charles C. Foster, is some real literary genius. Ben S. Allen in the preceding chapter had "Billy the Goat" swallow the triangle, and later when I saw Mr. Allen he declared that the triangle was "now out of the story"—but here comes Mr. Foster right back on the job, and he has Wu Tsang ring in something like a half dozen copies of the original chart and triangle. That Chinaman is ever so cunningly clever when it comes to quick thinking—he has Jacques Futrell's "thinking machine" backed completely off the boards—he knows it for Wu Tsang's machine, and comes along in a submarine—and after our heroes at that, and hang it all, he vanishes into thin air just as Pullman, Grant and Kelly are about to nab him. However, we will have a good, ripping story in Chapter XXIV tomorrow from the fertile brain of Capt. William Wolf Smith, chief of the military section of the surgeon general's office, and we had anticipated a fitting finale to Mr. Foster's of today, as Captain Smith is a well-known literary genius, and it goes without saying that he will inject a bundle of thrills into his chapter which will keep us all guessing. Remember—if you please, that we are nearing the end of "CAMOUFLAGED"—and your original opportunity to write the last chapter is rapidly approaching—two hundred and fifty dollars will just about fix you up for that trip to Atlantic City next summer.

Androscoggin Cotton at 20c Yard

Genuine Androscoggin Bleached Cotton, a superior grade, with the desired finish for undergarments, etc. First Floor.

The Store Closes at 12:30 Thursday

IT PAYS TO DEAL AT

Goldenberg's

BOTH SIDES OF 7TH AT K ST. "THE DEPENDABLE STORE"

The Store Closes at 12:30 Tomorrow in Honor of the "Welcome Home" Parade

Extra Special Values Offered From 9:15 to Closing Time

Unusually interesting bargain offerings have been arranged for tomorrow from 9:15 to 12:30 for a busy morning. The timely savings on seasonal merchandise and the many attractive values make it well worth your while to do your shopping at "The Dependable Store" between 9:15 and 12:30 tomorrow.

\$4.50 Blankets

Heavy weight Felted Nap Blankets, double bed size; in white, gray, tan and plaid. Contain the same warmth and have the same appearance of the wool blankets. Fourth Floor.

\$1.25 Matting Rugs

36x48 Matting Rugs, with stenciled borders and plain centers; medallion and all-over designs. 84c First Floor—Bargain Table.

New Spring Blouses Tomorrow at \$5.75

A wonderful showing of beautiful new Spring Blouses, of Georgette crepe and crepe de chine. Stylish models with beaded fronts and touches of embroidery in various pretty colors, accordion plaited effects with high neck, pretty blouses with round necks, in plain tucked styles or with embroidered fronts, plain tailored models, lace trimmed, ruffled, beaded and embroidered effects, in round or square necks, large and small collars. Also high necks with convertible collars. In flesh, white, navy blue and black. All sizes. Goldenberg's—Second Floor—Waist Section.

69c Congoleum Rugs

3x3 ft. Congoleum Rugs, some with borders on sides, others with borders on ends. Made alike and can be matched into good size rugs. (None delivered) Fourth Floor.

5c Window Wedges

Polished Brass Window Wedges, a small wedge to prevent the opening of window from rattling. FOUR for \$1.00. Fourth Floor.

\$2.25 Chiffon Satin

35-inch Chiffon Dress Satin, heavy rich satin face quality, in navy blue, Copenhagen blue, cadet blue, burgundy, plum, blackberry, gray, taupe, white and black. First Floor.

\$1.00 Tub Silks

32-inch Stripe Tub Silks, extra heavy quality, in a large assortment of stripe jacquard effects and color combinations. 79c First Floor.

\$4.00 All-Wool Broadcloth

44-inch All-Wool Botany Broadcloth, a superior fine twilled back quality, shrunk and sponged, in black, navy blue and a well selected assortment of shades. \$2.98 First Floor.

\$4.00 Coatings

34-inch winter weight Coatings, in an assortment of colorings and styles, for women's and children's wear. \$2.49 First Floor.

\$1.25 Envelope Chemise

Envelope chemise, fine quality nainsook, daintily trimmed with lace edgings, some with inner tucks; all sizes. \$1.00 First Floor.

Slipover Sweaters

New Slipover Wool Sweaters, with long sleeves in American Beauty, peacock; choice of new models. Third Floor.

Corset Covers

Fine quality Nainsook Corset Covers, trimmed with dainty laces, in assorted styles; all sizes. 59c Third Floor.

Women's 69c Drawers

Women's Muslin Drawers, soft finish, deep ruffles of tucks and hemstitched hems; all sizes. 59c Third Floor.

Beautiful Spring Hats Special \$7.50

A collection of unusually smart spring millinery in which will be found the latest and most delightful style ideas for spring. Hats of real Liseré with Georgette brim and facing; Roll Brim Sailors with ribbon bands and quills; High Crowned Hats with cherries and fancies; Small Hats and Close-fitting Turbans with beautiful flowers and glycerine ostrich, and many other new shapes with fruit or stick-out ribbons.

The colors are all the newest spring shades—Navy, Brown, Sand, Henna, Purple, also Black. Goldenberg's—Second Floor.

Silk Handbags

Fashioned of beautiful satin moire silks, in leading colors, including taupe, blue, brown, etc. Lined with silk, complete with purse and mirror fittings. Finished with heavy silk tassel to match. Copies of the handbags, selling regularly at \$5.00, each. First Floor.

Pearl Earrings

Pearl Earrings, fine Oriental and white pearl finish; all popular sizes; gold plated mountings. 55c First Floor.

\$3.00 Longcloth

36-inch English Longcloth, fine soft finish quality; full 12 yards in each piece. \$1.98 First Floor.

39c India Linon

40-inch White India Linon, fine sheer quality, snow white bleached. 25c First Floor.

\$1.69 Bleached Sheets

72x96 Seamless Bleached Sheets, made of heavy round thread sheeting; some slightly imper-fect. First Floor.

Women's High Shoes

Up to \$7.00 Values, at pair \$3.69

Women's High Shoes, lace and button styles, of gray, brown, patent colt, gun metal and black kid leathers. High or low heels. Discontinued lines and odd lots. Sizes in the lot from 2 1/2 to 7.

Women's \$1.50 and \$2.00 Spats, 95c

Women's Spats, in champagne, white and brown. Slightly soiled from handling; sizes 3 to 7.

Up to \$3.50 Boys' Shoes, \$2.39

Boys' and Little Girls' Shoes, of patent colt and gun metal; but-ton and blucher styles; sizes in the lot from 10 to 13 1/2 and 1 to 5 1/2.

Boys' \$3.50 Corduroy Suits

Boys' Dark Brown Corduroy Suits, the narrow rib cordless kind; Norfolk coats, with slash pockets and belt; full cut and lined knickerbocker pants; sizes 7 to 17 years. Third Floor.

Boys' Sailor Suits

Boys' Navy Blue Blue Pure Worsted Serge Sailor Suits, with gallow collar and short straight knee pants; sizes 3 to 17 years. \$7.69 Third Floor.

Men's and Young Men's Suits

Regular \$32.50 to \$37.50 Values at \$22.75

Special offering of Men's and Young Men's High-grade Suits, standard quality materials, in neat and fancy patterns; also black unfinished worsted. Models suitable for the young men, as well as for the older men. Sizes range from 34 to 44, including stouts.

Men's \$18.50 and \$20.00 Suits, \$13.75

Small lot of Men's Suits, made of good quality worsted filled cloth in dark and gray effects. Well tailored; sizes 35 to 44.

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, \$35.00 to \$45.00 Values, at \$23.75

Small lot of Men's and Young Men's High Grade Overcoats, including a few Sincerity models. Finest tailoring throughout. Sizes 34 to 42. Goldenberg's—First Floor—Daylight Clothing Store.

\$17.50 to \$19.75

Cherokee and Crex de Luxe Rugs

9x12 ft. Large Room Size, at \$14.85

Wedge's Cherokee All Fiber Rugs, in woven styles—not stenciled. Handsome duplex colors and designs, not usually found in the fabric, in soft shades of rose, helio and gray, as well as stronger colors; in medallion and oriental patterns. Genuine Crex de Luxe and Herringbone Stenciled designs, in choice colorings of green, brown and blue. Each one guaranteed perfect and with the maker's trade mark ticket attached. The Hodges Fiber Rugs can be washed with soap and water and are guaranteed fast colors by the maker. Goldenberg's—Fourth Floor.

The Season's Craze!

Box Coat Dresses

Styles and Qualities Selling Elsewhere for \$22.50 and \$25.00—Special at \$19.75

Just arrived are these smart looking Box Coat Dresses—just the sort of frock every woman and young miss wants for either street or afternoon wear. Their special charm lies in the new lines, which are extremely stylish and becoming.

Three pretty styles in Box Coat Dresses featured tomorrow—fashioned of excellent quality All-wool French Serge, with novelty silk vests of Fau-la-si or Silk Tricotee; some with silk overcollars to match vest. These are shown in navy blue. Sizes 16 to 40. Goldenberg's—Second Floor.

\$1.00 Bead Necklaces at 50c

Red Bead Necklaces, graduated in color, round and oval beads; round and oval shapes; beautiful finish; correct sizes; gold plated clasp. First Floor.

\$7.50 "Panama" Straw Rugs

9x12 ft. "Panama" Straw Rugs, close woven grade, with key, straight band and fan-effect borders in colorings of grass, brocc and blue, with plain centers. Fourth Floor.

Women's House Sacques

New House Sacques, of fine quality mercerized flannel, cover, toe and sole. Strictly perfect quality. In black, navy blue, white, gray and tan. First Floor.

Men's \$3.00 Union Suits

New Union Suits, of fine quality medium weight, worsted mixed; all sizes. \$2.00 First Floor.

Men's 69c Half Hose

Men's 69c Half Hose, fine quality mercerized flannel, toe and sole. Strictly perfect quality. In black, navy blue, white, gray and tan. First Floor.

Men's \$1.75 Gloves

Men's Fownes Suede Gloves, have the exact appearance of the genuine, but are made of suede. Plain or stitched backs. First Floor.

35c Swiss Embroideries

Swiss and Cambric Embroideries, including corset covers, handkerchiefs and flouncings, 17 inches wide, in a variety of pretty openwork patterns. First Floor.